

# SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1875.

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No. 36.

## WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

BY CHARLES MACARY.

What might be done if men were wise—  
What might be done, my suffering brother,  
Would they care  
In love and hate  
And cease their strife of one another?  
Oppression's heart might be imbued  
With leading drops of loving kindness;  
And knowledge pour  
From shore to shore,  
Light in the eyes of mortal blindness.  
The meekest would that ever trod,  
The dearest seek in guilt and sorrow,  
Right stand erect,  
In self-respect,  
And share the blessing word to-morrow.  
What might be done? This might be done,  
And more than that my suffering brother,  
More than the tongue  
Ever said or sung,  
If men were wise and loved each other.

## THE RENEGADE CHIEF!

OR,

### The Trail of the Scarlet Seven.

A Romance of the Fatal March.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

Author of "Wolf Cap," "Lost Sachem,"  
"Silver River," "Waywardness,"  
"Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc."

## CHAPTER VII.

THE PRISONER.

"What's my fate,  
I am no changing—'tis the fate,  
The end is death, but how and where,  
Thou dost not say; the fate most ghastly."  
—Shakespeare.

"I have not my life upon a cart,  
And will stand the hazard of the die."  
—Shakespeare.

Leaving the renegade's cabin for a brief time, let us return to one of our characters whom we left on the fatal field of battle.

Between the present city of Pittsburgh and the Big Beaver, a stream famous in the annals of colonial Pennsylvania, stood the Indian village of Logstown. As a trading point it was of some importance, and had attained much celebrity. Here Washington met the famous Half King during his journey to the Ohio, and here he almost lost his life. A number of English traders inhabited the place, but the greater part of the population consisted of French and Indians. At the outbreak of the war many of the English left the place, and those who remained were little better than renegades.

It was the night after the battle, and the motley population of the town was rejoicing over the victory. Indians paraded the streets clad in British regiments, brandishing elegant swords, or wearing gold watches. Bumbo bowed and danced, and it was evident that the midnight stars would shine upon a drunken carousal. The French did not try to arrest the wild orgies, and before dawn several English captives had been burned near the town.

Before a strong log hut stood two men as if guarding the door. One was a savage, at whose belt, now a rich officer's sash, hung two fresh scalps; the other was a tall white man, whose features were repulsive and brutal. They were armed, and stood erect, wide awake, but silent.

A light, perceptible between the logs, told that a lamp or candle burned behind the threshold, and the first word spoken by either of the guards fell from the lips of the Indian, after he had looked into the hut.

"Pahfah there yet," he said, and again relapsed into silence.

The prisoner of the hut walked the room incessantly.



"No indecency!" cried Gist, and the scout stopped towards the interval. "There's no love between us, recollect, and a little breeze will make a hurricane. Will you touch the girl again?"

for sale, but they must purchase at a fearful price.

He seemed to divine the import of the cries that continued to approach the cabin—the vengeful cry of the maddened Indians, and the curses of their white allies.

He heard his guards speaking in low tones, and put his ear to the crevice.

"The brave man the white soldier," said the Shawnee guard.

"Well, shall they have him?"

"They are strong; they can take him."

"I know it; but, Mahaska, we promised to guard him till Dan comes back."

"True; but white men not coming," said the Shawnee guard.

"How in the thunder do you know he's not coming?" growled the renegade.

"He has never lied to me. Du Quenne is more'n a mile from here."

The Indian was silent for a moment, and he listened to the cries of the mob with a half fearful expression. It was coming directly towards the cabin, and wanted the soldier's blood. The arms of the guards would be straws before its fury.

"Don't fail Red Dan, Mahaska," said the renegade, appealingly.

"Mahaska don't want to die; he got squaw and many guns."

"I haven't a wife, and but one gun, but may I be switched if I want to die," said the white.

"But if the devil want the soldier, they get him over me."

"Were I a man, they should learn the valuation of a soldier's life."

"Here, then," and the renegade drew his knife and thrust it handle first into the timber till he felt the handle seized. "It's coming to bloodshed. Red Dan only can save us."

"Who is Red Dan?"

"Dan Seymour, the big man of those parts. Did you never see him?"

"Never."

"Why, he told us to guard you."

"Then Cougar Dick and Red Dan must be identical."

"Not much," said the renegade.

"Red Dan is a white man; Cougar Dick an Indian. Who took you prisoner?"

"Cougar Dick, the traitor!"

"And Red Dan told us to guard you, that's funny," said the renegade. "I never thought them two fellows would work together; but these are devil-working times. Mahaska and I will stand by you. By Jove! they are coming with torches and tomahawks."

"Well, let them come!" grunted the prisoner.

It was a furious mob that the prisoner and his guards beheld. It consisted of three hundred French and Indians, including many squaws, who brandished weapons of every description. A number of torches threw a lurid light over the scene, and cries of vengeance rent the air.

There wasn't a sober man in the rabble.

"Keep off," shouted the renegade, motioning the crowd back with the hand that held his rifle. "Wait till Dan comes; then he will give the soldier to you; you're too drunk now to deal with a captive."

But his words were unheeded.

"They drove Mahaska," he whispered to the Indians; then to the mob: "If you won't listen to reason, you can have the soldier by crawling over us," he cried.

"When Monck Davis is not to protect a man, he does his duty."

"This is dead," he said, dropping his head.

"See this she has met her boy, from whose body your deadly hate has wrung a noble spirit. Llewellyn Morty, or Dan Seymour, as your new friends call you, you find in me an enemy whose revenge shall be terrible!"

"If I am not enough to let you go," smiled the renegade. "You will never see your boy again!"

"You have killed him? Murderer!"

"He was Clara's son," it said; "the battlefield—a trail any man could follow."

"And you followed it?"

"For a moment Martel Kennett stood immobile before the torturing renegade, then he staggered back, and with hands pressed to his wildly throbbing temples, leaned against the wall."

"He could see the workings of the terrible revenge; already his son had been dealt with, and himself in the power of the uncompromising, deadly enemy. He gave way to a father's grief without affectation; it was the overflowing of a burdened, anxious heart, and he, strong man that he was, could not repress the flood. After grief revenge would surely come."

Red Dan knew this, and retreated to the door with the blade of a hunting-knife concealed in his sleeve. He did not once take his eyes from Kennett, and when, at last, the captive raised his head and recognized him with a start, he seemed relieved.

"You refused to fight me once?" cried the soldier.

"Will you fight me now? Your friends would not gladly furnish the weapons."

"Fight you? no!" said Red Dan. "I'm not going to pit my life on the point of a sword. I'm going to deal with you as I see fit."

"But not without a Kennett's vengeance!"

The words were still on the soldier's lips, when, like a tiger, he sprang at his foe.

The renegade tried to avoid the assault by springing aside; but escape was impossible. The hand of the maddened father closed upon his throat, and the twin went to the ground together.

There was imagined a terrible struggle for the mastery, such a struggle as two giants, deadly enemies, would make in mad encounter. The unthought lamp shed a weird light upon the scene, and dimly revealed the changing fortunes of the combatants.

The renegade's knife had been torn from his hand, and lay beneath the rough table, beyond the reach of both parties. It was a struggle with muscle for life; iron and steel were out of the combat.

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"That doesn't answer the question," said the Virginian. "You've got to promise me that you will not maltreat Kate anymore."

"Christopher Gist, why should you meddle with my private affairs? The girl is nothing to you."

"Every abused woman is something to Chris Gist," thundered the scout. "If I hadn't got here just when I did, in all probability you'd have killed Kate. You mustn't touch her again."

"I'm master here!"

The scout could withstand the renegade's equivocation no longer. He stepped forward with compressed lips, and before Red Dan could retreat, the iron fist shot out from the shoulder. It was a terrific blow; and the recipient thereof, struck at the butt of the right ear, went against the wall like a thunderbolt!

The scout turned to Kate.

"Girl, he was your father; but I couldn't help it," he said, glancing at the senseless man on the floor. "He wouldn't promise one thing, so I had to do the other. He isn't hurt much. I didn't try to kill him. I broke an injury on the skull with my fist only; but what's the use of talking about that here? What was he mad at you for?"

In a few words the girl related the cause of the assault to the scout.

"I bet I know who the young soldier is," he said. "His name is Kennett."

"That is his name," said the girl.

"He's the same fellow that Cougar Dick doesn't like."

"What does that terrible Indian hate him for? Oh, no, don't we care him?"

"He found him?" cried the scout, sagely. "The blood on your bosom is his, then?"

"It is his blood, and the ring also," answered Kate Seymour. "His horse bore him a long way from the battlefield; but I found him. I would not leave him until he forced me, for my own safety, from his side. I left him my rifle."

"Kate Seymour, you're a woman!" cried Gist, admiringly. "I will do all I can to save him. Where is he?"

The scout moved nearer the girl as he put the question, and heard her whisper: "Very near the Devil's Falls is a cave."

The eyes of the beribboned lighted up with knowledge. "He said, 'Doesn't a deformed tree hide the mouth?'"

"Yes."

"I found that hole about three years since. I can find it again."

"He is there. Go to him and see how he is getting along. He is badly wounded; and his rifle is gone. He has weakened him. Say I sent you; then he will know that you are to be trusted. My father will hunt him to the death. I don't know why he hates him so."

"New I! But we will get the young chap away."

"God grant it!"

A few moments later Christopher Gist left the cabin and plunged into the forest on his errand of mercy. He carried some venison and bread in a leathern pouch at his side, and the last words of Kate Seymour rang in his ears.

"Tell him I sent you, and guard him well if you call Kate Seymour your friend. Father and his friends will never stop at his trail and yours."

## CHAPTER IX.

THE CONTACT.

My deeds and speeches, sir, are true drawn from one source, what I promise to do I'll do.—Shakespeare.

The hour was not late when Christopher Gist left the renegade's cabin, and while he is pushing through the forest towards the Devil's Falls let us witness a scene of horror that occurred some hours after his departure.

The victors on Braddock's field were received with open arms by the French commandant at Fort Duquesne. Among them walked M. Duquesne, whose arm, resting in a sling, told that he had received an injury. Indeed, in the heat of the conflict, and shortly after the fall of Braddock, he received a ball in the shoulder; but the wound promised to give him but little inconvenience. Still he was fretful and ill at ease, and once or twice during the conflict he had harshly repulsed Leconte, the beautiful Delaware. Like a fawn, the girl had stooped to no enemy; but her love had stolen to his consciousness from the Frenchman.

He had not forgotten his promise to convey to Kate Seymour intelligence of the battle; but he had decided to reserve the communication until the following day.

Of course no sleep was looked for in the first night after the battle. Indians, drunken with victory, sang and promised bumper, hoisted and hoisted the demon; and made the night hideous.

"She is mine!"



"Storn, from ~~was she~~, flung back the white barrette from her face with an impatient gesture.

"Look at me, Margara Lomax, and tell me if you do not know who I am."

"Madam, I do not."

"Is my disguise so perfect that? No wonder others have failed to penetrate."

He drew nearer, peering at her eagerly through the purple drape.

"It can't be Mrs. Vaughan," he faltered.

"Yes, I am Mrs. Vaughan. I saw you from the upper windows. You are dead, true, but I have known you, and I have needed only a friend as you might prove. Mar! I claim you as my friend."

There was a mournful cadence in her voice, and she stood gazing at him earnestly.

Of course he could not feign to misunderstand what she meant.

"Yes, I will be your friend, gladly, Mrs. Vaughn. I know you stand in sore need of me."

She caught his hand impulsively in both her own.

"You speak kindly, feelingly," she cried. "Can it be that you believe in my truth and innocence, despite all that is being said of me?"

"I know you are a wronged, unhappy woman," he said.

"How misery, but I feel sure Urachashy has been at work."

"Thank God, there is one who trusts me," she said almost hysterically.

"Come, let us walk on a little further. I must tell you my simple story, and then I will tell you the shocking revelation for your ears."

She told him everything, in a voice that was stifled with sobs and moans of grief.

"You must help me," she said, at last. "Don't go away from Rosewood. I will follow you, and I will never be so scared of my husband's safety."

He promised readily enough. Indeed, he could not have gone after that revelation. He was so glad to hear that his very brain seemed to be on fire.

"Haven't you any more to say?" he asked.

"There can be no mistake," moaned Nora. "It is all too true—too horribly true. But I shall feel stronger for knowing the truth."

She dared not linger another moment. How might peasants to the sick room come! How might the night be spent wandering here in the grounds.

With a few words of direction to Es-

"I was hardly ever there," he said. "After a little while I sat and walked toward the mouse himself, filled with horrible conjectures.

"This mouse must be an evening of surprise. He had reached the terrace steps, when a white-robed figure rose and suddenly confronted him.

"'Mr. Lestrade,'" he cried out, sharply, recognizing him, in spite of the dusk.

"'Jaez! Why are you here?'

"My head ached, I could not stay in the room. I had to go out. I was there. He had taken her hand, and could feel how she trembled. 'I thought I should feel better out here.'

"He was obviously. He knew she must be suffering some intense mental agony.

"In a moment all else was forgotten, and he held her in his arms, close to his heart.

"'Jaez,'" he murmured, 'my love! my life! lock up and tell me all your sorrows. Let it be my privilege to comfort you.'

"He struggled feebly in his embrace.

"'Crush, crush!' she moaned. 'Remember me to my mother.'

"'That is over, past God!' he said. 'I am as free as air. God has broken our troth of her own will. Now, hands, be true to me. You are the one of the great happiness yet in store for us.'

What could she say, with her heart beating so tumultuously against his, and her eyes so full of passion and kisses? But a great joy thrilled her soul.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A GRAND CLIMAX.

Nora went directly back to the house after her interview with Eugene Lennox. She met Janet on the steps, but merely nodded to her. She could not stop to tell her anything then. She had been away from her husband's room too long already.

"Janet and Mr. Lennox are sure to be married," she said, as she went on. "I thought. "There's a magnesian thing draws those who love each other together. God grant it may come all right." She was not sure, but she felt that she does not deserve Eugene—and she knew she never intends to marry him. While she is young and healthy, she will live to please him.

"She little dreamed that within the hour all was to be peace and joy between the two. She was chiefly interested.

As she crossed the veranda, the sound

"Don't insult your friends by saying they are stupid," said the library attendant, whispering together. What new devil were they planning?

"That's how the school opened up. Without the shadow of a stupid, one gilded up to it, and crouched there in purple dust, with her head on a silver cushion."

"Janet must leave this house!" she heard Home say, in a sharp and hissing tone.

"I will find each other out, and be happy in spite of me, unless she goes," she said.

"Must?"

"Must!" muttered Godfrey, angrily.

"Can't you wait two little days? I will all be over then."

"I can't wait!"

"You know. *He will be dead.* The powder never fails to kill in three days, and he has lost his head for good. After that, I can order Janet, and of course as soon as you please."

He spoke in a few, harsh, broken words.

"The poison might fail," muttered Home.

"I don't miss any changes in Nature."

"If it does fail," said Godfrey, with a laugh and a better chuck. "I swear the

For some minutes she could get no further. But at last the utter desperation of the situation gave her a kind of courage. She went tottering up the stairs, and burst wildly into the room where Major Vangen was lying. Some spell was upon her senses. For her lips she could not have kept silent longer.

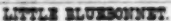












Binebonnet's little heart fairly bubbled over with thankfulness; and many of the larks, or sparrows, or thrushes might have been proud to own the song she sang as she hastened along the sunshiny way, peeping out of her blue bonnet to spy out the flowers that hid in the wayside grass. The thrushes wove it into their own melody with variations, and the sparrows stopped and listened. The

ness. And in due time she married King's son, who wore the crown him after his father's death.

enough—enough to freeze the hot  
in her veins. Yes; judge of her feel-  
judge of her horror, when she once

"Big haul that?" he continued, nervously referring to the burglar.

and jewels: and the little stranger, they had taken in, and saved from and nursed so tenderly, was the c

"Yes, yes, it must be; I dare say otherwise," cried Hamlet, groaning. "But it is so singular—"

enough—enough to freeze the hot blood in her veins. Yes; judge of her feelings—judge of her horror, when she once more

and jewels: and the little stranger, they had taken in, and saved from and nursed so tenderly, was the c













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**DOYLE'S** is a reliable all-around perfume. Give it a trial. Never forget Nolle's Valentine, Winter, Liner to Spring, The Love Cabin.

**CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.**

HENRY F.—Charcoal alone, or charcoal mixed with prepared chalk, forms an excellent deodorizer of the simplest kind.

MARJORIE.—Salts of lemon will remove the stains from linen, but it sometimes leaves (on mould behind; if it should do so in this case, dip the spot in cold water.

BELLA.—The system of zoology contrived by the great Swedish botanist LINNÆUS is now

**CONSTANT READER.** (Troy.)—Major General Upson's "Infantry Tactics" is the work that is used throughout the United States Army, and which, if you want, we can get for you on your sending us \$2.00.

**MONA.**—The case you mention is one in which etiquette is more often "honored in the breach than in the observance." Etiquette is really only an artificial barrier that love is the great majority of men easily leap over.

**F. W. B.**—A set of jewelry such as you describe of platinum and gold, we could get for you for twelve dollars; a set of the other kind dedicated for about six dollars. For these prices

**Leprieux.**—When the saying, "He is born with a silver spoon in his mouth," is applied to any person, it is in the sense that there is a lack of any of the ordinary circumstances of life, and simply that he is born to the possession of wealth, but that adventures fortune attends him in his worldly progress.

1,304 brilliants, 1,375 rose diamonds, 147 other diamonds, 277 pearls.

**M. E. W.** (Wells).—Kindly inform Gleaner who inquired some time ago where the line "There are thorns besetting every path" was to be found, that it is in a poem called "The Thorns of Life," written by Miss Anne Leitch Warren, an English writer, and that the poem can be found in "The Bible Looking Glass."

**M. E. W.** has our best thanks.

**L. C.**—If anything in the world will make a man feel pained, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after it than before. It degrades him in the eyes of others, and what is worse, brands his conscience.

**DORA.**—Make yourself as amiable and attractive as possible. Sentible young men are more attracted by sweetness and a modest demeanor than by what is known as the "fash" style that some young girls pride themselves on possessing. They are not so easily won as girls of this type. Some young lady who says "her heart is broken" is to get a new lover to mend it. (2.) You should not correspond with the gentleman under the circumstances.

third. Your wisest course will be to inform your mother of the acquaintance you have formed and to ask her permission to invite her to your home. If he is really in love with her, he will accept the invitation. If he gives such explanations as will be satisfactory to your parents, you may then look upon him in the light of your accepted lover, and allow him the wished-for kiss.

engaged in an emotional pursuit when my heart the voice of the hands, or if they have been taken to the heart, the hands will restore their whiteness for the time.

Transgression.—If your objection to the gentleman who asked you to dance with him was very strong, that you refused his invitation, you should not have, on any account, accepted that of another gentleman for the same time. You ought to have declined dancing with any one at all, for that particular set, and said, "I am sorry, but no one will suit me." It betrayed a preference that no lady ought to exhibit so openly, or else you wantonly wounded the feelings of the first gentleman.

WINDUP.—The stewardess on board one of the

shipshape you refer to has to attend to the various requirements of the lady passengers. It is rather an arduous position, but is tolerable. The crew of the ship are the emigrants' servants, and the emigrants' servants are the crew of the ship. There is on some lines an advertised fee to be given to the steward and stewardess, but this is invariably short of the actual amount, which depends altogether upon the liberality of the passengers, and their appreciation of the advantages of the ship.

E. A. D. (Germantown).—The *Times* notice by you part of a certain brief notice in the missionary published in 1864 by Sir John Lubbock and James South, entitled "Memorandum on the use of the word 'missionary' in the Bible," and is in full as follows:—

The last couplet was used by Don Quixote who made it his epitaph for his fight with a Charro, and has been traced to Aristotle who lived three centuries before him. Almost the same words are found among the scraps of the collection of Erasmus, and translated into English by Richard Doall, in 1575. The sentiment also occurs in the *Golden Age* of writers, so that it is pretty universal. Butler couplet ("Hudibras," part 2, canto III.), which is often confounded with it, is—

"For those that fly may fight again."

BLACKSTONE. The origin of the term "monopoly" has doubtless been the subject of some very curious and popular known by that name, and yet, in many similar cases, it took its name from very simple circumstances. Charles I. of England granted numerous monopolies for the support of the Government. Among others were the monopolies of the salt trade, the tanning of skins, and the sale of the royal arms of England. The conception of this article was great, on large fortunes were made by those who purchased the exclusive right to vend it. The same monopolies were not made by the Parliament, but by the King, and the King's authority was shown by way of showing that contempt for the King they ordered the royal arms to be taken

from the paper, and a fool with his cap and belt to be substituted. It is now over two hundred years since the loup-cap was taken from the paper, but still the people of the size which the Parliament ordered for their journals bear the name of the watermark placed there as an indignity to Charles.

Dr. L.—Proof-reading is not an art that can be acquired from books, but you imagine, or else it can be performed by any intelligent man or woman. It is one of the most important and at the same time one of the most difficult branches of the printing business, and first-class proof-readers are as rare as first-class poets or first-class orators. To be a good proof-reader, he should be a printer, in the first place; he should possess some knowledge of Latin, Greek, and German, and have a general acquaintance with the history and literature of the world with the view of the facts and

erature, geography, etc. As has been remarked by one who thoroughly understood his duties and qualifications of a proof-reader he must know all history, all biography, all science, all origins—he must be, in short, a complete encyclopædia."

As the *Fortune* of your story,—in a late number of the *Fortune* I read a very interesting little sketch about the "Mad of Saragosa" which pleased me very much indeed. Please tell me where Saragosa is, and in what year was the siege in which the "Mad of Saragosa" distinguished herself? Saragosa is a town in Spain of very great importance and extent, but at the present time, I believe, is the seat of the old French University, and is not

their potency in Madrid. Its origin is very ancient, having been it is said, founded by the Phoenicians of Carthage. It was greatly increased by Julius Caesar, who made it the headquarters of the veterans. Augustus gave it the name of Colonia Augusta, with the privileges of a free colony. On the Roman ruins, however, which, according to Strabo, must have been numerous and handsome, there still remain a few villages. Towards the close of the fifth century, it was taken by the Goths of the fifth century. It was taken by the Moors who expelled it in 712 by the Basnians, and it length, in 1047, it was made the capital of a separate Moorish State. A century afterwards, it was sieged and taken by Alfonso of Aragon, and it was subsequently called to the throne of Castile.

News in modern history from the obligatory assistance made by its inhabitants, under Palatin, in 1808-9, to the French, commanded personally by Marshals Mortier and Lannes. He sought last, with some little intermission, on Feb. 18, 1809, to Feb. 2, 1809, when, after a loss of about 6,000 men, he was driven out of about 200,000 men, women, and children, and of his hunger, poettitude, and the financial distress that raged in the unfortunate city, it surrendered to the French. The loss of the French in the siege did not exceed 4,000 men, and the clearing the city of the raid of Saragossa was far better than the raid of Saragossa. — There were two James Watts.

father and son, and you do not say which of them you refer to, and so they were both great in their profession, we will tell you all we know about them both. The elder James Watt was known as a steam engine mechanic, and a great improver of the steam engine, and he was born at Glasgow in 1736. Besides his great abilities as an engineer, he was an accomplished natural philosopher. He invented a means of condensing steam in a separate cylinder, and devised a simple plan by which he was enabled to produce a more powerful steam pressure in the cylinder. He died in 1819. James Watt's younger son, also called James, was born in 1769, and distinguished himself as an improver of engines for steam navigation, and in 1827 made a voyage to Holland in the first

himself last left England, the engine of which was built under his supervision. (2) The Great Exhibition of 1851, the subject of your last question was a remarkable demonstration of the power of genius to force its way upward. He was born in 1781, the son of a fireman at a colliery and when a child, was employed to work there, during which time he amused his spare hours in modelling engines in clay, and in the year 1800, he was admitted to the colliery. In the seventeenth year he had made a model of a steam colliery engine, and about the same time learnt the art of reading and writing with which he had been previously entirely unacquainted. In his twentieth year he married, and added to his income by time-spend and milking out pigs.

...of the first group, who was in being a member of the Pennsylvania Society for the Abolition of Slavery, and a member of a society at a salary of one hundred pounds a year. We have not the space to go into the history of this really wonderful man, who has been justly termed the "father of railroads," for his improvements in locomotive engines, and his introduction of the facilities for travel that exist at the present day.

L. W. M., (Philadelphia).—"I have been trying to find out the reason why our judges in pronouncing sentences of death on a criminal, always put on a black cap. What is the meaning of it?" The practice you refer to will be found to have a deep and a sad significance.

During the time that was in ancient days a sign of the death was a black cap.

...mourning and having his head covered." In the manner Demosthenes, when incited by the populace, went home with his head covered. And I used what he went up, and had his head covered, and all the people that they were with me, they were crying, and they were weeping, as they went up. Demosthenes covered his head on learning the death of his queen. But, amongst ourselves, we had traces of a similar mode of expressing grief, at funerals. The mourners bare the head drawn forward over the head, in that time. Indeed, I have heard that the head over the head, is still part of the mourning habits of the people, when they follow the corpse. And with this it should be born in mind that, as far back as the

ness of Chaucer, the most usual colour of mourning was black. Atropos also, who hold the fatal scissors which cut short the life of man, is clothed in black. When, therefore, the judge sits on the black throne, it is significant as well as a solemn prelude. He puts on mourning, for he is about to pronounce the forfeit of a life! And accordingly the act itself, the putting on of the black robe, is generally understood to be significant. It intimates that the judge is about to pronounce no merely remorseful, but a just and righteous condemnation. The very form of condemnation he has put himself on mourning for the convicted culprit, as for a dead man. The criminal is then left for execution; and, unless mercy exert its sovereignty

derivative, suffers the sentence of the law. The mourning cap expressively indicates his indignation.—"I should like to ask you two questions, but don't tell me to go and look for answers to them in some encyclopedia, for I have no means of access to any work of the kind. If I had, I should not be troubling you. The questions are these: 'How long ago was paper invented?' and 'What was used for writing on before the invention of paper?' The Chinese emperor who had no notion how (the first to use the useful invention, appear to have been the first papermakers; they claim to have made it as early as the first century after Christ) came from China the art appears to have traveled

the manufacture of paper, and when the Sassanians captured the city in the sixth century, they acquired the secret, which they introduced into their useful arts they brought with them to Spain. In that country, however, they found linen a cheaper and better material than any that had been used before, and they established a large factory for making paper of that material at Xativa, now called San Felipe, in Valencia. The art of paper-making was introduced into Italy in the 13th century, and thence into England in the 15th century, and Queen Elizabeth sent a German who had a paper-mill at Dordrecht, in Kent, in 1569, but the paper-manufacture made but slow progress for some considerable time afterwards. (2.) Before the invention of paper

Many editions were not reduced to the writing of the Hebrew text, as suggested on the right, and the original Bible was lost. The text was written on smooth, prepared tablets of stone, or which contained the tables given to Moses, containing the Ten Commandments. The Assyrians on Babylonians stamped the impress of their letters upon unbaked bricks and cylinders of clay, which were afterwards baked and made a record that they were not liable to be rubbed or read in their own words, the monument which the heroes of those ancient times wrote of their wars with the Hebrews. This wooden book discovered with a coating of wax, or some similar composition, were employed among the Greeks and Romans, and were written upon a tablet of metal style, and possessed this advantage, that

The writing could be effected when by long needed Pastor of metal and thin sheets of ivory were also employed, and the same palms, either in the form of parchment, or in some other material, were used. The same was done as those of the tail-pipe tree, some parts of the coat and where all the paper, or paper red of Egypt, covered all other materials wherever it could be obtained.

MICHAEL LANE, I.C. - We cannot do P. PARKER - We are glad to hear you are much pleased with our new story, and thank you for writing for our sentiments. P. M. R. February 11, 1866, full page Friday, June 1866, on Wednesday, and July 1866, Tuesday, March. - Our month 1866.

[illegible]

the most and drying it in the sun. Repeat if  
application is necessary. **Formula**—Kerosene or  
take paint out of your black milk drum.  
A number of communications have been  
received, which will be enclosed next week.